

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?
Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To saue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witnesse to him I am nere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme,
We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Ironost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no care, but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede. *Exit.*

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*, she's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabell.

Isa. Hoa, by your leaue.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious
daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,

Shew your wisdom daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eyes.

Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,

Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By euery fillable a faithfull veritie.

The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Confessor
Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*.

Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wil-
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:

Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combin'd by a sacred Vow,

And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter,
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good'euen;

Friar, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to
see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine
to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my
head fill my belly. One fruitfull Meale would serue mee
too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow.
By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fan-
taistical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had
liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is maruailous little beholding
to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I
do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,

I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already sit
if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench
with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it,
They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you
well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end:
if baudy talke offend you, we'l haue very litle of it: nay
Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath dishonour'd other.

Ang.

An. In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions
show much like to madness, pray heauen his wisdom
bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and re-
liue ou' rauthorities there?

Esc. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre
before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice,
they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esc. He shewes his reason for that: to haue a dispatch
of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heere-
after, which shall then haue no power to stand against
vs.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaime'd be-
times i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice
to such men of fort and suite as are to meete him.

Esc. I shall sir: fare you well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deede vnshapen me quite, makes me vnpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid,

And by an eminent body, that enforc'd

The Law against it? But that her tender shame

Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,

How might the tongue me? yet reason dares her no,

For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,

That no particular scandall once can touch

But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,

Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sense

Might in the times to come haue ta'en reuenge

By so receiuing a dishonor'd life

With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued.

Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,

Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Friar Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliuer me,

The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,

The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction

And hold you euer to our speciall drift.

Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that

As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauins* house,

And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice

To *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craffus*,

And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:

But send me *Flauins* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrinus.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrinus*, thou hast made good hast,

Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends

Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrinus*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isa. To speak so indirectly I am loath

I would say the truth, but to accuse him so

That is your part, yet I am aduiz'd to doe it

He saies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peraduenture
He speake against me on the aduers side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a phisicke
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Frier *Peter*

Isab. Oh peace, the Frier is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may haue such vantage on the Duke

He shall not passe you:

Twice haue the Trumpets sounded.

The generous, and grauest Citizens

Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon

The Duke is entring:

Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrinus, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
Citizens at severall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,

Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many and hartly thankings to you both:

We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare

Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule

Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thanks

Forerunning more requittall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it

To locke it in the wards of couert bosome

When it deserues with characters of brasse

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,

And rasure of obliuion: Giue we your hand

And let the Subiect see, to make them know

That outward curtesies would faine proclaime

Fauours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*,

You must walke by vs, on our other hand:

And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time

Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Iustice, O royall Duke, vaile your regard

Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid)

Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye

By throwing it on any other obiect,

Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,

And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;

In what, by whom? be briefe:

Here is Lord *Angelo* shall giue you Iustice,

Reuale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,

You bid me seeke redemption of the diuell,

Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake

Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd,

Or wring redresse from you:

Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:

She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother

Cut off by course of Iustice.

Isab. By course of Iustice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most